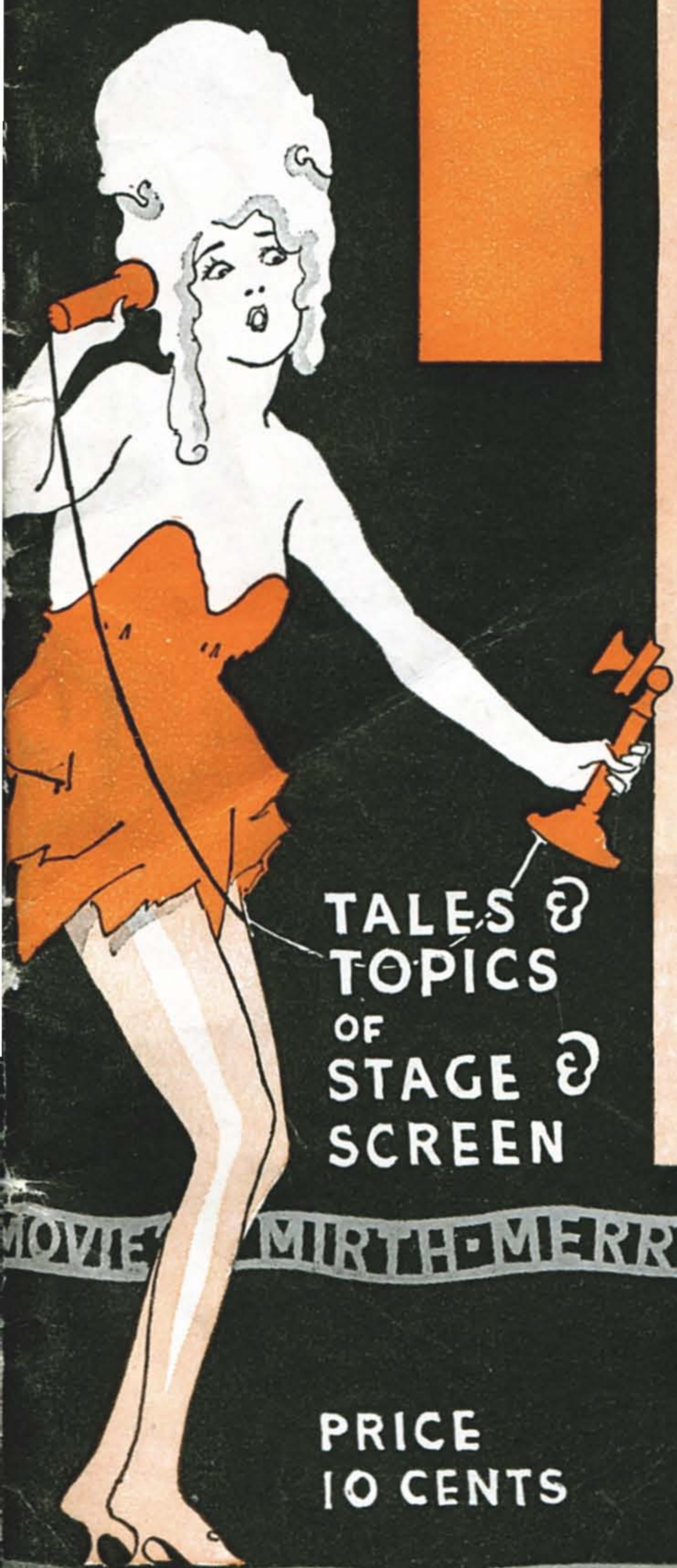


THE TATLER

SEPTEMBER, 1920



JUSTINE JOHNSTONE



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN

PRICE
10 CENTS

SUN-FACTS

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

STAGE-SCREEN-SONG-STORIES-SATIRE-SPICE

The old, old story of
Love and Romance,
told since the world
began, is told again,
as never before, in the
sweetest, most fasci-
nating ballad in years—

“When I Looked In Your Wonderful Eyes”

After the coming season is over you
will look back over it and say “After
all there was only one big
ballad.” This is the song you will
be talking about.

Published by

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Song Publishers

Strand Theatre Building, Broadway and 47th St.

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VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1920

NO. 8

We'll Tell the World—

WOOLEN underwear has a great deal to do with the national spirit of unrest.

A presidential candidate looks just like anybody else when he is in the washroom of a sleeper with his collar off.

Some people wear bone-rimmed glasses and are intellectual and some just wear bone-rimmed glasses.

It seems to be quite a fiery time with the movies: "Flames of the Desert," "Flames of the Flesh," "Flames of the Yukon," "Shod With Fire," and "Fires of Faith." One producer has come along just in time with "Water, Water, Everywhere."

A man saw another running away with his wife the other night and he yelled: "Hey! You needn't run."

"It sure beats my time," said Grandma as she puffed a reflective cigarette, "how people are becoming so settled in unsettled ways."

It takes a lot of jack to buy a gill—of hooch.

One Pennsylvania woman doesn't want to use her vote. She says: "If there is one little thing in this world that men can do alone, for heaven's sake let them do it."

The maternal instinct in some women is so pronounced that they are unhappy unless they are making a baby out of some doddering millionaire.

The two-cent piece is to be coined again. Added to the nickel it will buy three cents worth of almost anything.

A girl may have her fellow lashed to the mast, but he doesn't always stay mashed to the last.

There is no use arguing with any man who is strong-minded enough to wear a derby hat in the middle of Summer.

Rumored Along the Rialto

ONE of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties has been expelled from the Bathing Beauties' union for disregarding the rules. She went into the water.

One Broadway actor met another on the street and began talking about prohibition. "Say," asked the other, "when does that law go into effect, anyhow?"

"Who are these here Cox and Harding, I hear so much about? What's their act?" asked a vaudevillian of his partner. "Tight-wire walkers and jugglers," said the other.

A Forty-second street producer was heard to remark the other day that it is difficult to get scenic investiture these days. "You can't get a drop anywhere," he said.

A prominent star, it is announced, will appear in a new piece this season and will be supported by her husband. How few actresses are.

A friend handed Pat Rooney a cigar the other day and said proudly: "There is something like a cigar." Pat lighted it, tasted it critically and said: "Sure. It's something like a cigar. What is it?"

A sixty-pound sandbag dropped from the flies the other day and hit a vaudeville acrobat on the head. If it had hit him anywhere else, it would have killed him.

"I would like to know what a movie hero thinks about," says a dramatic writer. But, here is the real question: What does he think with?

A patron was carried fainting to the lobby of one of the big movie houses the other day. He had fainted from shock. During the whole news reel there was no picture of ski-jumping in Norway.

"My Wall Street Friend"

THERE are more "friends in Wall street" than in any other street, avenue or boulevard in the League of Nations.

If there is a jane in Broadway who hasn't a "friend in Wall Street," she hasn't risen to be counted.

The chorus girl is the party who makes the broker broker. There is no doubt of that, but we often wonder just where all those "Wall Street friends" stay when they are in Wall street. We have wandered through that interesting alley many times and pondered upon this subject. It is a short, narrow, crooked street—crooked, they say, is right—and it is lined by rather ordinary, small buildings. There isn't a building on the street that would afford standing room for more than five thousand men and, according to the most conservative estimate there are at least five million of them.

If all the "Wall Street friends" were gathered together they would make a solid

mass of humanity packed in tightly the whole breadth of the island, reaching from the Battery to Fourteenth street. For, if the truth is known most of the girls have not only one but three or four of these "Wall Street friends."

Another question is what makes Wall street men so friendly—but of course, you will have to answer that yourself, according to the dictates of your own conscience. They seem to be more friendly than the men on any other street in the country.

They just seem to be bubbling over with the spirit of the brotherhood of chorus girls.

It is still an open question whether Wall street has given the theatrical profession a black eye or the theatrical profession has given Wall street a black eye. However, as long as there is a Wall street left and a chorus girl left in the world, folks will talk.

The Weigh of All Flesh

The diet of the average woman is divided into five distinct periods of life, as follows:

From the age of 10 to the age of 20—Eat and grow.

From the age of 20 to the age of 30—Eat and grow thin.

From the age of 30 to the age of 40—Eat and grow fat.

From the age of 40 to the age of 50—Eat and grotesque.

From the age of 50 to the age of 60—Eat and grow resigned.

Ernestine Meyers in "Silks and Satins"



Note: "Silks and Satins" is the name of the show Miss Meyers is in. They are not apparent in the picture.

White Studio

THE TATLER

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William Mendelssohn
Business Manager

Application for entry as second class matter pending

Art in the Campaign

PEOPLE love to look at pictures. This is true of those who can read as well as those who can't. Especially do people love to look at campaign pictures, some of them are so humorous. This season both the old parties and several of the young ones are following the ancient custom of having their leaders photographed and half-toned in the standard patterns and stereotyped attitudes. Campaign Posters are like the ships built at Hog Island—all made according to a hard-and-fast plan.

The most popular, which we may call Pattern No. 1, is that of the candidate standing on his front porch with his right hand thrust into the bosom of his coat. This is called the Napoleonic style. If the candidate has heavy, bushy eye-brows it is best for him to frown. If he has light eyebrows, it doesn't matter whether he frowns or not.

Pattern No. 2 Candidate lifting his hat to Old Glory.

Pattern No. 3. Candidate holding baby in his arms.

Pattern No. 4. (Introduced this year). Candidate carrying a pail of water on one shoulder and a pail of beer on the other without spilling either.

A few departures have been made this time in the interest of progress in Art. For instance:

Debs kissing members of notification committee in Atlanta hoose-gow.

Cal Coolidge wearing shirt worn by his grandfather and milking cow. Also Cal Coolidge posing with a plow under one arm, a springtooth drag in the other, a spade leaning against his left knee and a hay-rake in his teeth.

Parley Christiansen shaking hands with a member of the window-washers' union.

Frank Roosevelt in Palm Beach pants (a new touch in campaign art) standing on the portico of the White House looking off into the distance at nothing in particular, in other words, the vice-presidency. Frank Roosevelt stroking the fur of a wolfhound.

Harding in golf trousers (also a new touch), the golf trousers being designed to catch the working-man vote. Harding on his way to church. Harding on his way back from church. Harding riding in a Ford, to show that he is a man of rugged constitution.

Aaron Watkins, Prohibition candidate doing the family washing, in spite of the fact that Prohibition has already cleaned up.

Cox shaving himself. Cox talking into a phonograph and the poor machine straining every nerve to keep up with him. Cox fondling baby lion. Cox milking cow and sitting on wrong side of cow. Being a good Democratic cow, she doesn't kick or slap him with her tail. Cox ski-jumping. Cox knitting. Cox riding a bucking broncho.

Pictures are often a grave mistake. They should be eliminated with the exception of Pattern No. 1 showing the candidate standing on his front porch with hand thrust into bosom of coat. This picture can offend nobody and does not commit the candidate to any policy. But, why should a man antagonize the barber vote by showing a picture of himself shaving himself?

How does a man in white duck pants hope to get the vote of the locomotive firemen? Picture of candidate playing ukulele may win the Hawaiian vote but it will antagonize the entire white vote in the United States.

Three Little Dollies in the Follies



*Avonne
Taylor*



*Muriel
Harrison*



*Doris
Eaton*

Calendar for September

Theatrically speaking, "angels" rush in where producers fear to tread.—PROVERB.

- Wed. 1..... Applause was abolished in Broadway theatres, at the request of the actors, 1941.
Nazimova bobbed her hair for art's sake, 1918.
- Thu. 2..... A coatroom boy refused a gratuity; i. e., a dime, 1928.
An actor at the Hippodrome was discharged for winking at a pretty girl in the gallery, 1914.
- Fri. 3..... Women were not required to remove their hats in theatres until about the beginning of this century.
Some of the critics never take off their hats to a play.
- Sat. 4..... Robert G. Ingersoll predicted, 1887, that Julia Marlowe would someday be a great actress.
E. H. Sothorn, 1920, admitted it.
- Sun. 5..... De Wolf Hopper was the first person to talk over a telephone wire from New York to Chicago, but he's forgotten what year.
- Mon. 6..... A play called "Darkest Russia" enjoyed a run in New York, 1894.
It ought to be running in Moscow, 1920.
- Tue. 7..... Theatre managers worried for fear the bicycle craze would ruin their business, 1895.
They should worry, 1920.
- Wed. 8..... Emily Stevens lost her Mrs. Fiske accent, 1920.
- Thu. 9..... Henry Miller accepted a role in which he couldn't be correctly tailored, 1986.
Ann Pennington covered her knees, 1953.
- Fri. 10..... A musical show was produced without a profiteer number, 1902.
A drama was produced without a profit, 1894 to 1920 inclusive.
- Sat. 11..... Following the success of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," Bryan's "Carrie Nation," and Gov. Edwards' "Carry Hooch," were produced, 1921.
- Sun. 12..... Irving Berlin was invited to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, 1941.
He accepted the invitation, 1999.
- Mon. 13..... The Shuberts re-revived "Florodora," 1940, and the opening night the house was sold out to members of the original first and second sextettes.
- Tue. 14..... John Barrymore abdicated as a matinee idol, 1957.
Ernest Truex appeared in "Jack, the Giant Killer," taking the role of the giant, 1931.
- Wed. 15..... An ouija board bonfire was held, 1922. Quite a number of dramatists contributed to the conflagration.
- Thu. 16..... No murder mystery plays were produced, 1980.
That explains why Lowell Sherman retired the same year.
- Fri. 17..... David Belasco had his picture taken in a sport shirt, 1941.
- Sat. 18..... Brander Matthews and Clayton Hamilton came out in favor of closing all theatres except the Winter Garden, 1929.
Leo Ditrichstein appeared without boots, 1905.
- Sun. 19..... Non-barking trained seals first shown on any stage, 1950.
Jazz invented, 1916.
- Mon. 20..... A protest against the daring costumes of chorus girls was signed by members of the Bald Head Row association, 1970.
- Tue. 21..... Jane Cowl shed her last tear, 1981.
Ethel Barrymore ceased causing tears to be shed, 1992.
- Wed. 22..... Charlie Chaplin appeared on the screen in shoes that fit his feet, 1931, and not a sole laughed.
Mack Sennett fired all his bathing girls, 1996.
- Thu. 23..... The intermission, having become quite useless, was abolished, 1921.
Eddie Cantor went into grand opera, 1931.

(Continued on page 8)

Carrying the Paint to the Other Extremity



Various waves of economy have recently struck New York and then have promptly struck out. For one reason or another, none of them has proved popular or practical. The overall fad which was looked upon favorably for a few minutes died an ignominious death.

But George White has hit on an idea which he is presenting in his "Scandals" and which ought to be pretty popular—pretty anyway. It is painted stockings and each night the dainty lassies paint each others bare legs just to show how it is done. This shows a girl just finishing her job—and what could be neater.

The Life of Lucille

(Being the Story of a Chorus Maiden in The Wicked Burg)

By GUY D. MORIBUND

HIRAM PURDY trudged from the hog-pen to the house.

He looked at the new moon over his left shoulder.

"Drat it," he muttered, "more bad luck. I wonder if anything's happened to our Lucy who is down to New York."

When Hiram got to the old farmhouse on the hill, his wife handed him a copy of the New York Bugle.

"I swan, Hiram, will you look at that pitcher of our Lucy."

And there was a picture of their daughter Lucille Purdee of the "Banalities of 1921" and when Lucille had posed for the picture, she had been "in costume," if you know what we mean. She had Lady Godiva beaten by a diamond pendant but not any more than that.

"I said to myself something had happened," said Hiram.

"But there ain't nothin' happened, Paw," replied his wife, "it's only just a pitcher of our Lucy in that theatrical show down to the New York opry."

"Somethin' has happened," said Hiram. "She had been into some train wreck or other or else she was gettin' ready for an operation. She ain't got no clothes onto her."

"Mebbe the poor child hasn't got none and is sending us this pitcher as a hint," said his wife.

"It's a pretty strong hint to air the family skeleton that way right into the paper," said Hiram, "but mebbe there is

somethin' in what you say. Mebbe we had better help her out a bit."

"Mebbe," said his wife.

Lucille Purdee was seated at the handsome onyx and gold library table in her \$25,000 apartment on the Drive smoking a monogrammed cigarette and stroking the soft hair of her \$10,000 Siberian fishhound when her second butler came in with the mail.

"You may open it, Marie," she said to her French maid, languidly handing Marie a diamond-studded letter opener.

"Here is one marked personal," said Marie.

Lucille tore it open impatiently and read: Deer Lucy:

It is sort of queer you ain't never wrote home before about not having of no clothes to wear and sent us the pitcher as a gentle hint. I hope there ain't too many people as have saw it.

Now, in order to get you a good smart outfit I am enclosing post-office order for twelve dollars (\$12), which is quite a lot of money, so be careful and don't get stung by none of them city slickers.

Your mother wanted to pick you out a dress at the Racket store here in Hickeyville, but I said no, you would ruther pick it out yourself. We would like to have you send us a photygraft of yourself in the new dress. Yours, PAW AND MAW.

Did they ever get the photograph of Lucille in the new dress?

We ask you, author to reader, did they?

(Continued from page 6)

- | | | |
|------|---------|--|
| Fri. | 24..... | Arthur Hopkins produced a play, with settings not by Robert Edmund Jones, 1912. |
| | | Permanent marcel invented, 1903. |
| Sat. | 25..... | Movies installed in the White House, 1920 |
| | | War tax on theatre admissions repealed, 1999. |
| Sun. | 26..... | Florence Moore cast for the role of Ophelia, 1987. |
| | | Shakespeare turned over in his grave the same year. |
| Mon. | 27..... | Ziegfeld abandoned the Follies and began to produce minstrel shows, 1971. |
| | | Robert Hilliard appeared on Broadway without a boutonniere, 1942. |
| Tue. | 28..... | Percy Mackaye wrote a play which ran for two seasons in New York, 1977. |
| | | Percy Mackaye failed to recover from the shock, 1977. |
| Wed. | 29..... | Still a few places where you can get it, 1922. |
| | | A butler without sideburns first seen on any stage, 1951. |
| Thu. | 30..... | Community Sing held in Madison Square Garden, with five million parched male voices warbling: "Thirsty days hath September." |

Mildred June Finds September Water Chilly



A Reformed Reformer

THERE once was a reformer and he walloped every sin.
 And he thought it was a very wicked world that he was in.
 But he chanced upon a beaut
 In a one-piece bathing suit.
 As she gamboled on the sand along the shore.
 And he hollered: "Ain't she cute?
 They must get a new recruit,
 For I'll not be a reformer any more."

He went to a reception where the lemonade was thin.
 And they helped it out amazingly by dropping in some gin.
 Then he took a little swig
 And he danced a little jig
 And his feet they hardly seemed to touch the floor.
 And he hollered, "Don't renig—
 Fill 'em up and make 'em big.
 I will not be a reformer any more."

And he went to see the "Follies" that are famed for pulchritude.
 He always had believed that they were positively rude.
 And the beauties in the cast
 Had him lashed right to the mast.
 He tried to batter down the old stage door.
 And he hollered: "Let me past.
 I'm a human bird at last
 And I'll not be a reformer any more."

DE VAUX THOMPSON.

Roselle's Romance

By RAY MASTERS

ROSELLE was terrified.
 She was alone, in a strange, wicked city, the wickedest city between Yonkers and Sandy Hook.

She had come to the city to be an actress—to uplift the drama. She was beautiful, but she had learned by visits to forty agencies that the stage didn't particularly wish to be uplifted. Roselle was down to her last dollar.

Finally, she steeled herself to take the step she dreaded. She went to the bathing-suit establishment and took a position as model to be stared at in one-piece creations, by buyers from all over the country. She had put this off until the last.

One day came a handsome young millionaire and viewed her wondrous figure in the bathing suit. He came out of curiosity as he was a man-about-town.

Immediately he struck up an acquaintance with the beautiful country girl and invited her to lunch. She went with him but not until after she had hurried to the dressing room and donned her street clothes.

The young man, who was plainly a killer with the ladies, for some strange reason

treated Roselle with respect. He did not even try to hold her hand. He did not compliment her.

Thereafter he called often, taking her to dinner and to the theater. Always, he would leave her at the door of her modest boarding-house home. His conversation was modest and in all cases proper. Never a suggestive word from his lips.

In taxicabs, he kept his distance. Plainly he was in love with the girl. And, wished to marry her.

Within a month, this young bounder, who had never given a serious thought to marriage, had presented Roselle with a \$1,000 solitaire.

Blushing, bewildered, she had accepted him. Within a month the wedding invitations were engraved.

And, so, they were married and the young millionaire, thoroughly reformed, made home a paradise for the simple country beauty.

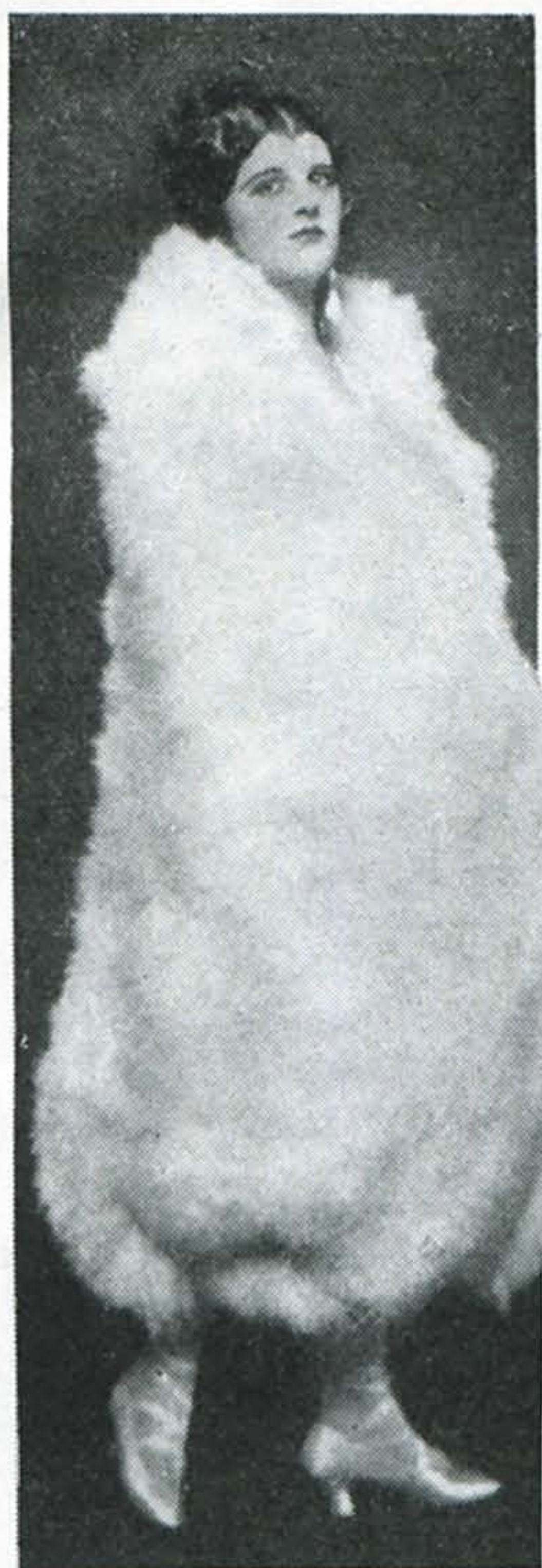
Perhaps you believe that such sudden reformation is impossible.

Perhaps you think this romance of Roselle never happened.

Well, as a matter of fact, it didn't.

Fair Faces in Fascinating Fall Furs

*Eva Brady
and
Margaret Irving
in The Follies*



Some People Believe That—

SANDY HOOK is a Scotchman.

Park & Tilford are a song and dance team.

Rex Beach is a summer resort.

Marian Sunshine is the name of Senator Harding's newspaper.

Percy Marmont is some kind of a new fur.

Ed Wynn springs a new set of jokes every night.

Fatty Arbuckle is Maclyn's son.

Doraldina is some sort of musical instrument.

Pat Rooney is of Egyptian descent.

Taylor Holmes is a set of suburban apartment houses.

Harry Carey is the Japanese form of suicide.

James M. Cox is the one who used to have an army.

Willie Collier runs a magazine.

Cyril Maude is a woman.

Ringling Brothers started as bell ringers.

The Shuberts wrote the famous Serenade.

Galli-Curci is a South American bark.

Ina Claire is a piece of French pastry.

Dewar started de war.

Rectors cafe was a meeting place for clergymen.

Eddie Foy is the father of his country.

Oh, the Jays of These Modern Days

WOMEN have arrived in politics.

One of them, a born orator, got up before a vast assemblage of her sisters to deliver a keynote speech.

"Friends, Americans, Countrywomen," she began, "Lend me your ears."

And she gazed over that vast audience of women and there was not an ear in sight.

A humorist died the other day and his entire estate consisted of one joke.

But, in his will, which left this joke to his son, he explained that the joke, if called to the attention of some producer, could be expanded into an entire musical comedy and the son could live in comfort all his life.

The young married woman was looking for advice.

"I don't know how to treat my new maid. I want to keep her, for they are so scarce."

"Be very strict with her," advised the wily lady who had been wrestling with the servant problem for fifteen years. "Let her have only one afternoon a week off. Don't show her any consideration. Don't be weak and try to please her."

Did the advice work?

It did.

Two days later the wily lady who gave the advice, had the maid.

A business man, tortured by the heat, sat at his desk.

His coat and collar were off and he breathed maledictions on the weather bureau. Heat always drove him crazy and this time it seemed worse than ever.

His stenographer came in with the mail. He tore open the first letter and read it, stared vacantly at the wall, then reached into a drawer in his desk, produced a revolver and shot himself through the head.

The police came to discover the cause of the suicide.

They examined the letter he had read a moment before shooting himself.

It was a bill for \$648 for his wife's summer furs.

The young lady at the resort hotel bought herself a one-piece bathing suit. The same day her mother bought the girl a two-piece bathing suit.

The girl donned the one-piece suit for her mother's inspection and the mother refused to allow her to wear it. "You must wear this two-piece suit," she said.

"But, all the other girls—," whimpered the young lady.

"I don't care," snapped the mother. "You will wear this two-piece suit or nothing."

So, being a rather modest young woman, at that, she wore the two-piece suit.

Carmel Myers as "Folly" in "Folly's Tra



Cubist Definitions of Stage Stars

MRS. FISKE—Aurora borealis on Broadway; a cameo endowed with speech; an opal under amber light.

Mme. Nazimova—Moonlight in a jungle; deep water in shadow; crackling of thorns in flame.

Otis Skinner—A cloudless Italian sky; the mirror of a gesture; a toreador's holiday.

Leo Ditrichstein—Evening dress on a satyr; a deck of cards being shuffled for the first time; patent leather boots and silver spurs.

Bertha Kalich—A set steel trap; the echo of a primitive chant; a jetbead pattern on chalk satin.

Florence Reed—Sunset upon the prairie; a challenge in contralto; the shrug of a cynic.

John Barrymore—A bitter drink gulped quickly; sparks from an emery wheel; the crunch of snow under wagon wheels.

Billie Burke—Bubbles in champagne; a burnished copper vase; a teasing tomboy.

Fred Stone—Calliope turned acrobat; a scarecrow playing truant; a rubber ball on an elastic cord.

George Cohan—The American flag in a bow-tie; a clearance sale of American types; a fife-drum finale.

George Arliss—A jumping-jack on springs; the background of a monocle; an English accent running for Parliament.

Louis Mann—The last hope of a pro-German dialect; a comic hand-grenade; a transplanted tear drop.

Charlie Chaplin—Our great non-alcoholic kick; art in loose trousers; a mobile masterpiece much copied.

Douglas Fairbanks—Perpetual motion set to laughs; the profile of a perfect bounce; a pay-day smile.

The Police Court In 1931

WILLIE JONES, aged fourteen, an incorrigible, was brought in by an officer charged with chewing gum, against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth and in violation of the law against gum chewing which was passed in 1925. He was turned over to the juvenile court for trial.

Eli Hanks was arrested Monday for having played his victrola on Sunday, the same being against the new reform laws prohibiting music of all kinds on the first day of the week. Jake Bender was brought in for whistling, on the same day. Both were held for trial under heavy bonds. The present wave of crime must cease.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus T. Priddy were arrested for dancing in their own home last Saturday night. They neglected to pull down the curtains and were caught in their flagrant violation of the law. The case is particularly vicious, in the fact that they allowed their children to be present and were actually teaching them to dance. Both are in jail awaiting trial.

A report that lemonade had been served at a swell society function last Thursday

caused a stir in police circles. The party was raided, but no condemning lemon peel or glasses were found. None of the guests would swear that lemonade had been served. It is difficult to prosecute cases of this kind.

ECHOES FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

By Walter Pulitzer

THE ROSES OF EDEN:

When God made the rose to bloom,
He made it white;
Its perfume scented all the air
From sheer delight.

A full-blown rose awoke one night
And raised its head
To hear what Adam said to Eve—
And it blushed red.

Ere the sun shone the blood-red rose
With naughty wink,
Had told the tale to the timid bud—
And it blushed pink.

Fans are Popular this Weather



*Mabel
Withee*



*Carmel
Meyers*



*Wilda
Bennett*



*Madelon
LaVarre*

I Ask You's

Send in Your "I Ask You's" for Publication

TWO questions I would ask you.
Perhaps you know them well.
Why did William Faversham
And what did Olive Tell?

Two questions have upset me.
I swear I'll solve them yet:
What sort of bell does Frances Ring
And why does Jim Corbett?

I've lain awake and pondered
And gazed at stars above:
What battle did May Irwin
And whom does Bessie Love?

Here are a pair of posers,
With me they have first place.
Tell me where Douglas Fairbanks
And whom did Arline Chase?

I have some vexing questions.
I'll hand you out a few.
Oh where does Mary Garden?
What was it that John Drew?

I give you two fair questions
And look for some retort:
Oh, tell me why is Marion Bent
And why is Hazzard Short?

A pair of easy questions
And answer them you oughter—
Whom does James Montgomery Flagg
And why does John Drinkwater?

Give me your answers quickly.
It is no more than right.
What does Fatty Arbuckle
And why is Maggie Teyte?

Two questions I have for you
I trust they will not shock—
Tell me, how much did Ed Wynn
And whom did William Rock?

I pick two little queries—
Of them I have a host:
What sort of ship does Louis Mann,
What mail does Guy Bates Post?

I ask you for two answers,
Two answers that I need:
For what is Margaret Anglin?
What books does Jessie Reed?

These two simple questions,
I hope you will not parry:
What keeps Clara Kimball Young?
How much can Harry Carey?

Paraphrase of Current Plays

"FOOT-LOOSE": "My wife's gone to the country. Hooray, Hooray!"

"OPPORTUNITY": "Say, Bo, I know where you can get a quart of good \$6 hooch for \$18."

"NOT SO LONG AGO": "Strictly Fresh Eggs, 30 cents a dozen."

"SCRAMBLED WIVES": Patrol-wagon load of ladies taken in an up-town poker raid.

"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH": Multi-millionaire's apartment in New York.

"FOLLIES OF 1919": Everything that was done by everybody in 1919.

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES": The milk-punches you used to get in the morning.

"THE NIGHT BOAT": Why men leave home.

Cynic says the unprecedented rush for marriage licenses this Summer was due to the fact that the bridegrooms were crazy with the heat. Wait till they get their first coal bill.

John D. Rockefeller says that when a boy his great ambition was to become a piano player. Just think! John D. might now have been an entertainer on the kerosene circuit.

Puzzling to hear a white-faced stenographer complain of being "terribly sunburned" until you hear she was wearing a straw hat and a Long Beach bathing suit.

When a man catches cold these days and asks for cough medicine he is horrified to find that's what he gets.

Samples of "Silks and Satins"



*Jean
Thomas*

*Helen
Eby*

*Virginia
Lee*

The Worm Turns

A Do-mes-tic Drama with the Accent on the Second Syllable
In One Act; Two Actors and Three Scenes

By LISLE BELL

SCENE ONE—*The breakfast room of the Billings suburban home. Breakfast has just been executed, and Billings is vigorously wiping his mouth with his napkin as the curtain rises. Mrs. Billings, being more refined, merely touches the corners of her mouth with her napkin. The Billings are very well-to-do; they have separate napkins and everything. They are too high-toned to eat in the kitchen, and they don't want to scuff the dining-room furniture any more than necessary. Hence the breakfast room.*

BILLINGS (*looking at his watch*)—It's almost eight o'clock.

Mrs. Billings (*brushing the crumbs out of what little lap she has left*)—Then you must hurry, John dear. You've just barely time to miss your train.

Billings (*jumping up and grabbing his hat off the window sill, accidentally upsetting the family geranium*)—Well, I'm off!

Mrs. Billings (*with electric irony*)—So I've often noticed, John dear.

Billings (*at the door*)—Any errands downtown, Tillie?

Mrs. Billings—Yes—several. Give me your handkerchief.

Billings (*handing it over, meekly*)—What for?

Mrs. Billings—So I can tie knots in it, so you won't forget.

Billings—Why can't I just write it on my cuff?

Mrs. Billings—You leave your cuffs alone. Last week, I discovered the laundress was taking your cuffs home to read to her husband. It's safer just to tie knots in your handkerchief.

Billings (*more meekly*)—Very well, my dear.

Mrs. Billings (*tying a knot*)—Be sure to pay the gas bill.

Billings—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Billings (*tying another knot*)—Don't forget to match that ribbon.

Billings—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Billings (*tying another knot*)—Father is coming out to dinner to-morrow. So bring home some good cigars for him to smoke.

Billings—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Billings (*tying another knot*)—And go to the employment office and pick out a good cook.

Billings—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Billings (*tying another knot*)—And when I say a good cook, I don't mean a pretty one. Understand?

Billings—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Billings (*tying her last knot*)—And be sure to come home on the five o'clock train.

Billings (*taking the handkerchief*)—Thank you, my dear. Ta-ta!

(*He rushes out. She waves to him from the window. A train whistle is heard. Mrs. Billings picks up the unconscious geranium, and carries it slowly toward the kitchen. The curtain falls.*)

SCENE TWO—*Living room of the Billings home. The clock on the mantel points to half-past five. Mrs. Billings is seated in an expectant attitude, but Billings is nowhere to be seen. The clock strikes the half-hour. Five minutes pass—the silence grows intense. Ten minutes—fifteen—twenty. Mrs. Billings is still seated in an expectant attitude, but still no Billings.*

The curtain falls.

SCENE THREE—*Same as scene two. The clock (same clock) points to two a. m. Mrs. Billings is seated in an expectant attitude, a kimono, and slippers. Her hair is down, but her dander is up.*

The doorbell rings, and she hastens to answer it. It is a messenger boy with a night letter. Mrs. Billings tears it open and reads:

"WON'T BE HOME TILL MORNING. HAD TO BLOW MY NOSE AND MUST HAVE UNTIED YOUR LAST KNOT FIRST.

"—JOHN."

Mrs. Billings sighs. Then she removes a rolling pin and a couple of flat-irons from the library table, and goes to bed.)

The curtain falls.

Their Crowning Glory

*Kathleen
O'Connor
almost hidden
by her
golden tresses*



*Priscilla Dean
letting hers
dry.*



*Edith Robert's
captivating
curls*

Fun and Facts About the Films

WHEN a distinguished Polish novelist called recently at the Metro studios in New York, he had difficulty in making his presence known with any degree of accuracy. Such obstacles as he encountered arose from the fact that he had omitted to bring his card case with him.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Karger," said the visitor to the office boy. "I haven't a card. Simply say that Waclaw Sieroszewski is calling."

The boy reeled but tried to be tactful.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "I didn't quite catch the name."

"Waclaw Sieroszewski," repeated the novelist.

The boy left, and finding Mr. Karger, announced the visitor.

"But didn't he give you any name?" asked Mr. Karger.

"Yes sir, he gimme several," said the boy.

The clanking armor worn by knights of olden times were in comparison no greater burden to their owners than one of the evening gowns in which Viola Dana, the tiny Metro star, will appear in some of the scenes of her forthcoming starring production, entitled "Blackmail."

The gown, although considerably abbreviated and consisting in the main of beads, weighs twelve pounds.

Doraldina, the dancer, whose new picture, "The Passion Fruit," is shortly to be screened, insists that the whole production be made to the accompaniment of music. So it will be done. Doraldina says she wants to feel that anyone seeing the picture will know music has been put into it.

Doraldina went shopping this week and returned with material for two gowns to be used in her production of "Passion Fruit". The material cost her \$1.80. It consisted of a small bale of straw, a small piece of cloth and two strings.

Rumors that Mary Miles Minter is twenty-six or twenty-seven or any of a dozen other ages was definitely set at rest in Los Angeles during a recent trial, when a federal court decision put on record that the star reached her eighteenth birthday on April 1, 1920.

Enterprising persons who are always wondering what motion picture stars can possibly do with all the money they make are continually suggesting get-rich-quick investments that would make Ponzi's 50 per cent returns look cheap. One who had invented a perpetual motion machine was all ready this week to sell the entire rights to Bert Lytell, whom he had cornered at Metro's New York studios where Mr. Lytell is putting on "The Misleading Lady."

"I'm ready to let it go for a million," he volunteered. Mr. Lytell didn't look interested.—"A million francs!" the inventor, who was French, corrected. Seeing no results, he said: "I mean, Mr. Lytell, a million centimes."

Mr. Lytell is among the many who are a bit vague on the present foreign exchange, required instruction, and the inventor, translating into dollars, started, "Seven hundred and——" He was stopped by the star's expression. Then he said, "Well, Mr. Lytell, I'll tell you, my bottom price is ten dollars."

You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare. Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1267 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



A Beauty in the Making

Muriel Ostriche tubbing privately, as one might say, preparatory to meeting masseur, hairdresser, etc.,—and Muriel as we generally see her.



The Will of a Boozehoarder

K NOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that I, John A. Boozehoarder, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make and declare this my last will and testament:

FIRSTLY, I do desire that all my lawful debts be paid, including my funeral expenses, and unpaid bills for two cases of bourbon, five bottles of gin and three bottles of rye, which will be found among my effects (unless one of the chief mourners should happen to get to them first).

SECONDLY, to my beloved wife, who has stood by me all these years and often been just as thirsty as I was, I hereby bequeath all my sixteen-year-old stock, which will be found in a secret panel near the fireplace in the library. Also, in token of my love and affection, she shall have the last three bottles of Scotch, which are secreted in the piano.

THIRDLY, to my dear sons, Tom and Jerry, I bequeath three cases each of fairly good rye, which I have managed to hold on to, and which I hope they will enjoy, both the flavor and the fullness thereof.

FOURTHLY, to my respected relative, Auntie Saloon, I bequeath three bottles of near-beer, which I have never been able to give away.

FIFTHLY, I do request that one pint bottle of bourbon, which I have deposited in the safety vault at the bank, be placed by my side during the final obsequies, so that in case there should be any delay in crossing the Jordan I will be fortified.

SIXTHLY, the remainder of my estate shall be turned over to the rest of my relations to quarrel over as they see fit.

Have You Ever Longed To Be A Star?

THE SCREEN NEEDS STARS TODAY ! ! !

THIS page presents to you the most generous and practical opportunity ever offered to those who are anxious to star in the movies. If you read this through carefully and then ACT upon it immediately you will find a greater opportunity than any of our present day stars had in the beginning of their career a few years ago. Grasp this opportunity which offers you fame and riches.

Moving Picture Talent is in Great Demand

Every motion picture producing company in this country is in need of good material with which to develop stars. *You* may be exactly the type that is needed to make a big series of pictures. Previous experience is not necessary—a thorough training and ample opportunity will be given to those who are worthy and are ready to work with perseverance for so great a prize. Stop wishing and learn today how you can have this opportunity.

You Can Become a Great Star

Just as others have accomplished their success—so you can accomplish yours. Talent is the greatest essential and in many of us it lies dormant waiting for development. A good appearance is an asset, but beauty is not essential to become a star. Some of our best stars are not even pretty, yet their perseverance and talent have brought them high in the heavens of stardom.

Today, *you* may have the talent which is worth \$50,000 or \$100,000 a year. If you

let this opportunity pass by, you may go through life unrecognized.

Remember that many of our present day stars have been discovered through such opportunities as this and that your chance for success is great if you really have ambition. Do you want the chance?

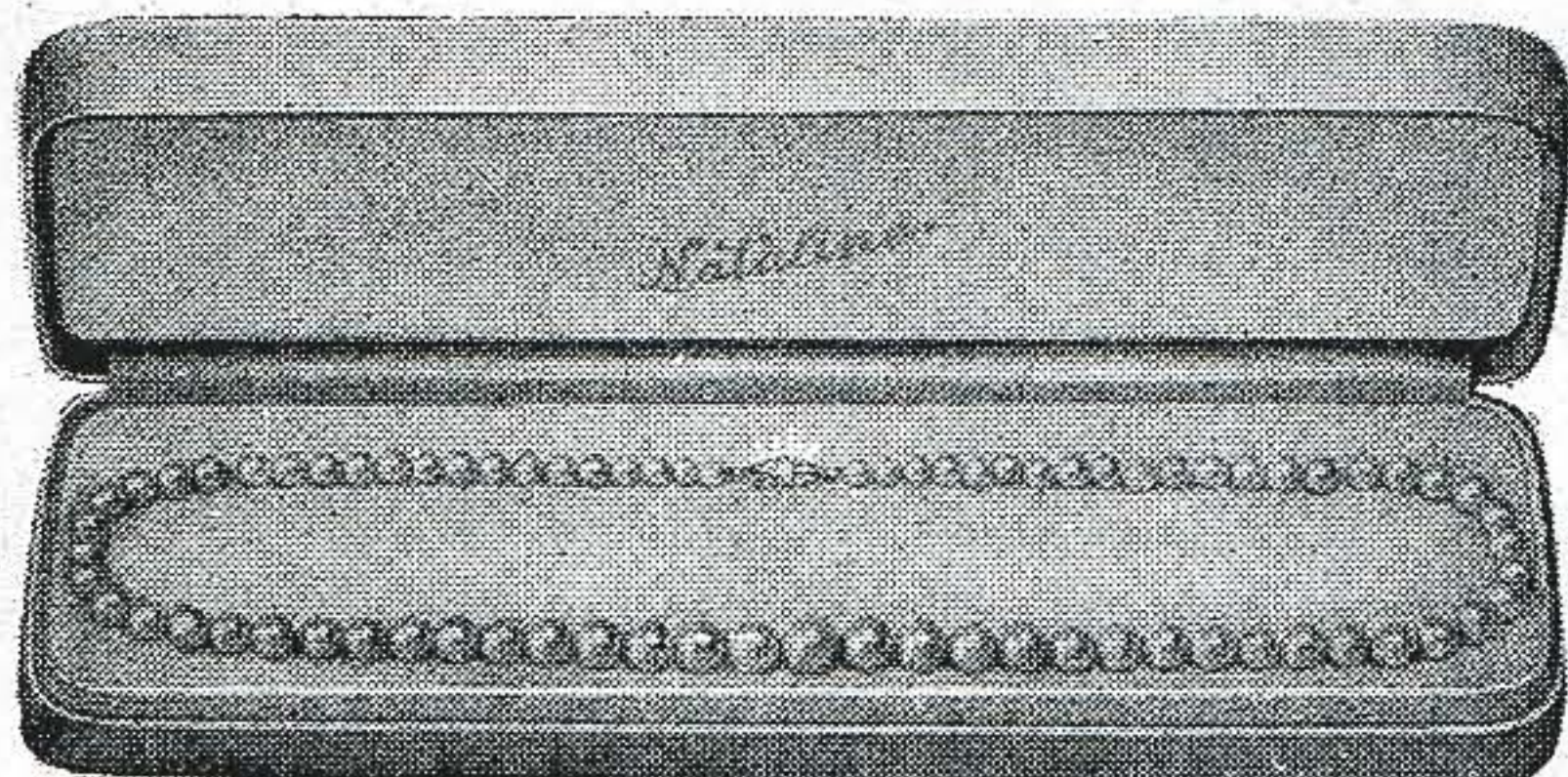
The Opportunity

The Dramatic Mirror, a publication read for 41 years by practically every prominent theatrical star and more recently by every movie star, has completed arrangements for the most interesting contest ever conducted by any publication.

The contest is truly remarkable for many reasons—because a contest has never been conducted with such easy terms, making every girl an eligible winner—because practically every one who enters this contest and makes a slight effort will be rewarded (50,000 prizes will be given if necessary to fulfill our promises)—and most of all, because, the Universal Film Co., one of the largest producers of fine pictures, have agreed to give the three girls with highest honors contracts to appear in Universal Pictures. Never before has a large producer offered such an inducement to ambitious girls.

Absolutely Free ! ! !

It costs you nothing to enter this contest. Merely fill out the coupon below and send it addressed to the "Contest Editor" of Dramatic Mirror, 133 West 44th Street, New York City, and all details will be sent to you by return mail. Don't delay—send in this coupon today so you can get an early start and keep the lead. Remember the terms are easy—every girl is eligible and can win.



These Beautiful Nataline Pearls

With a platinum and diamond clasp can be won by every girl with only a slight effort. Ask a good jeweler to show you a strand of the genuine Nataline Pearls.

Contest Editor — Dramatic Mirror
133 West 44th Street, New York

Dear Sir:

Kindly send complete information without obligation on my part.

Name

Address

City State

Dorothy Dale's Career

By ROY K. MOULTON

The experience of a pretty, young girl from a small Michigan lumbering town who came to New York to make herself a career as a motion picture actress. She drifted into the chorus of a musical show, in the absence of a motion picture opportunity and made a hit as a dancer. Her childhood sweetheart, Bob Whitely, was promoted to a clerkship in the New York office of a firm he had been representing in the west and set about to win Dorothy back to a renewal of her engagement to him. Bob rose rapidly in the office in spite of his disappointment in love, finally reaching a salary of \$10,000 a year. Margot Dupre is a chorus girl who had interested herself in Dorothy and was trying to put Bob on the right track in his love affair.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE are times in the life of every man when the well-known and justly famous English language fails to meet his requirements and he longs for the Chinese or some other language which has millions of words to our few paltry thousands. All the words Noah Webster ever discovered failed Bob Whitely when he rushed into the tiny apartment of Margot Dupre to tell her how he had seen Dorothy riding in Fifth avenue with an expensive limousine, and with a man who was known as a rounder, or in Broadway vernacular "a chicken fancier."

Margot was in the act of changing her raiment for street attire and she dodged behind a convenient screen when her front flew open and the breathless Bob appeared. Locked doors were unknown in that apartment house. The rights of tenants were strictly adhered to, but Bob was in too much of a panic to remember the rules.

"What's your hurry?" asked Margot, peeping around the screen. "Where's the fire?"

"W-w-w-what do you think about Dorothy, now?" panted Bob.

"I don't think," said Margot. "It's a bad habit."

"But she is out riding with that —."

"What of it? I should worry."

"But, I worry—I'm crazy."

"I'll tell the world you are, Bob. Keep away from Central Park. The squirrels will nibble your heels."

"What shall I do about Dorothy? She is going plumb to —."

"Let her alone."

"But, I can't. I've known her for years. She's as good as engaged to me. I —."

"Say, listen," interrupted Margot, coming from behind the screen and motioning Bob to a seat. "Sit down there and keep quiet. You haven't taken any advice I've

given you yet. Don't you think I'm on the level?"

"Of course," replied Bob, nervously pacing up and down the floor, "but that girl must be saved."

"Why?"

"WHY?"

"Yes, why? Now jot this down on your celluloid cuff. If that girl is no good, you don't want to marry her, do you? And if she is O. K., she is in no danger, is she?"

"That sounds good, but —"

"But what?"

"You don't know how I feel. I have worked hard to make good and I have made good. I have just been advanced to \$10,000 a year. I want to marry Dorothy. I want to take her away from all this."

"Fat chance. So, you're getting ten thousand a year."

"Yes—all of that. It's a fortune."

"You saw her riding with a certain bachelor, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how much he can spend?"

"No."

"He can spend as much in a month as you make in a year and he does it right along."

Bob gasped.

"You have small-town ideas," said Margot. "And your ideas won't appeal to Dorothy—not just yet. The time may come when your ten thousand a year will look mighty good to her, but the time is not yet."

"What is she doing with that fellow?"

"How should I know? I haven't seen her for a week. She left here with a suit-case a week ago and said she was going for a week-end in the country. Now, of course I have my ideas —"

"There can be only one idea of an excursion of that sort."

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 23)

"Now, listen, Mr. Wiseheimer. I have been paddling up and down this Incandescent Alley for several years. I know this bird you describe. He does a great deal for girls in the profession. He takes an interest in them. Now Dorothy has had a taste of success on the stage. This man is friendly with some producers. I don't know but he has got some money in some shows. She naturally wants to please him by being seen with him. When she went out to his country place, I suppose a dozen others went along. I have been to one of his parties. It was some time ago. But I didn't particularly care for the party——"

"Why not?" interrupted Bob.

"If you don't sit down and stop walking up and down and juggling that straw hat, I won't tell you another thing——There, that's better. I didn't like his party, that's all. I turned down the next invitation and he hasn't spoken a good word for me with a producer since. He's a bum looking piece of work, ain't he?"

"I didn't notice him particularly. All I could see was Dorothy."

"Well, he wears a toupee and he has false teeth and he dyes his mustache, but he's quite a gentleman at that when his valet gets through with him."

Bob clinched his fists until his knuckles turned white. Margot could look at this young giant and scent a whole lot of trouble.

"Now the thing for you to do," she said, "is to leave Dorothy to her own devices. She'll get next to this bird soon enough and, when she does, then will be the time for the young hero to step in, claim the beautiful bride and beat it for the tall grass on a honeymoon. If you will only leave it to me ——"

"That's what I've been doing."

"Dorothy is a good girl. Her success has turned her head a bit, perhaps, but she is a good girl. This bachelor will overplay his hand. He always does. He's a genius at that. Dorothy will flag him in a minute, take it from me. Others have done that very thing."

"You?" asked Bob.

"We'll forget that. Now, right now, I am very hungry."

"Then we'll go and eat!" replied Bob.

"You have a positive genius for guessing what is on my mind," replied Margot.

"How do you do it?"

"It's a gift," said Bob.

"I'll be ready in one minute," and Mar-

got smashed a perfectly unconventional hat down over her sunset hair and they were on their way down the five flights of stairs toward the street and eventually Hector's.

"You're darned nice to me," said Bob. "I wish I could do something for you."

"You can."

"Can't I lend you some money," he asked bashfully and with apparent embarrassment.

"I should say not," said Margot. "You know better than that. But I do appreciate the offer. I have got money. I have got two bucks right now. What I do need is a pair of shoes."

"Anything you say."

Margot steered Bob to the shoe store we have heard of before—the one so popular with Broadway girls and she picked out a pair of \$24 pumps for which Bob paid. In their box, she carried them out of the store under her arm.

"I suppose," said Bob, who had heard of this particular Broadway trick, "I suppose in the morning you will bring those shoes back to the store and get \$15."

"Certainly not," said Margot with a show of indignation and then, smiling, she continued. "I will get \$18. I made them come up on the ante."

"It's all right," said Bob.

"Honest, Bob. I have carried this same pair of shoes out of that store so often that they jump right off the shelf of their own accord when I go in."

Henry, the factotum at Hector's, showed them to a table near the dancing space in the main dining room. Margot had a penchant for front seats which was well known to Henry. It must be said to her credit, however, that Margot left undone several things to Bob's meal check, which she might have done. She limited her order to cold consomme, asparagus tips, some cold fowl, a salad with Russian dressing and French ice cream. Before the bus boy had laid their service, the orchestra began to play the fox-trot which was then the rage, "Hindustan."

"I want to dance," announced Margot.

"Not with a yap like me," said Bob.

"You can't go wrong when you dance with me," said Margot. "I am some dancer."

Bob danced indifferently well and with Margot's assistance he made the grade, much to his own surprise. His red-haired partner was a revelation to him. She was as light as a feather and really, he felt

(Continued on page 26)

In These Days of Prohibition



A drop too much.

A Nip on the Sly Before the Gang Get Around.



The way it is usually served



Having to faint to get it.

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 24)

proud of the impudent beauty who attracted the attention of more than one pair of eyes. Margot nodded here and there to acquaintances.

"Say," she whispered to Bob, placing her own fair cheek in close proximity to his shoulder, "the next time we come here, will you wear the soup-and-fish, willya?"

"Don't own one," said Bob.

"Then, buy one. You would be a dream in a dress-suit, kid."

"I'll think it over."

"Think hard. There's a reason."

"What's the reason?"

"You gotta look good, if you're going to win out. Of course you look good now, but then a dress suit, you know —"

"Would it make any difference to you?" Bob felt himself slipping. The Titian beauty who had sort of melted into his arms at the beginning of the dance was held a trifle closer.

"No," replied Margot, loosening his hold slightly. "It won't make a damned bit of difference to me. But it will make a lot of difference to you. You're Dorothy's, not mine. If you were mine, I would take you out in the woodshed and beat a little sense into you. You're a nice kid, Bob—one of the nicest I know. Outside of having no brains, you're all right but, I've got a secret—"

"Tell me," whispered Bob.

"Well, then. I'm in love."

"Impossible!"

"No, not impossible. I'm head-over-heels in love with a young good-for-nothing and it's twenty-seven times he has asked me to marry him. When he makes it fifty, it's me for the altar. And he won't be stung much, at that. I've been pretty decent."

"I'll say you have," smiled Bob. "Where is he?"

"I don't allow him to come to these trotteries any more. He's home studying. His dad owns a couple of mints, but he has got to earn his own living before I'll sign up with him, believe me. When we get married, I am going to have a little place in the country and a lot of chickens and a couple of cows and a vegetable garden and ten children—now, what do you think of that?"

Margot was chattering to keep Bob's mind busy and she succeeded until after they had returned to their table and confronted their cold consomme, when, look-

ing over Bob's shoulder, she saw Dorothy enter the place, accompanied by Henley, the bachelor. They took a table diagonally across the dance floor.

"Now don't get excited," said Margot. "But, they're here."

Bob stiffened in his chair and started to look around.

"Don't look," hissed Margot, reaching across the table and laying her hand on Bob's. She nodded pleasantly to Dorothy. And she received a glare from Henley which would have frozen a less ardent spirit.

Bob disobeyed orders, turned around and looked at the pair. Dorothy nodded to him pleasantly. Henley appeared to be busy with the menu.

"I am going over there," mumbled Bob, half rising from his chair.

"You are not. Please don't, for my sake. Sit down."

"I am going over there and have this matter settled. I have known that girl since—"

"Don't be a boob. Don't disgrace me."

Bob settled back into his chair reluctantly but only temporarily.

"Please," whispered Margot. "Be a gentleman. The rough stuff won't get you anywhere except the station house."

Bob could not resist the pleading of the anxious girl. He sank down into his chair.

"She's coming over here," whispered Margot.

In a moment Dorothy was at their table.

"Oh, Hello, Bob," she said, cordially.

"I haven't seen you in a long time."

"Now, Dorothy, listen—," began Bob.

"Bob is quite happy, aren't you Bob?" asked Margot with a simulated interest in the boy which caused Dorothy to look at him in surprise.

"Margot, you're a wonder," he mumbled.

Dorothy glared at Margot. "I've been out in the country," she said. "We came back to town today. I'll be back at the apartment with you tonight."

"Come any time," said Margot, smiling.

Dorothy turned to leave when Bob grasped her by the wrist and cried: "Dorothy, I must speak with you—I must."

"Don't be a fool," snapped Dorothy. "This is a public place."

Bob started to rise. Margot reached across the table again and pinioned his

(Continued on page 28)

Screenings

By Bjalmer Bjorth Bjones

*SOME likes Mary,
Some likes Theed,
Some like Pauline,
Some likes Reid.
Some likes Pauline,
Some likes Doug;
But me, I go
Just to see 'em hug.*

Betty Ross Clark, Fatty Arbuckle's leading woman, is said to be a direct descendant of Benjamin Franklin. Fatty, himself, is a direct descendant of Falstaff.

A little screen bird tells us that when a man hears a thing it goes in one ear and out of the other but when a woman hears a thing, it goes in one ear and out of her mouth.

*Ain't many fellers
I'd like to slay.
Somehow I ain't just
Built that way.
But one who's earned
The pocketless shroud
Is the guy who reads
The titles out loud.*

It is rumored that the ski-jumpers of Norway are going to strike for higher pay on the screen. They have certainly earned it, working every afternoon and evening winter and summer the way they do.

So much Italian music sung in the movie theatres they are beginning to call it Grand Wopra.

*Blessings on thee, little girl,
With your dimples and your curl,
With your powders and your paints
Your expression, like a saint's.
Though there's nothing on your mind
But some hair like orange rind.
You've the makings, that I ween,
Of a "darling of the screen."*

If the New York column writers ever go on strike, some of the movie title writers will have to quit, too, not through sympathy but through lack of ideas.

A well-known Fashion journal says: "Fashion has changed concerning the actual legs as well as their coverings for they are no longer thin and long but stout and thickset." But a great many poor bathing beauties have to keep on wearing their last year's legs.

*Half a yard of satin stuff,
For a gown, puts up a bluff.
Skirts are short and shorter still,
Seen in movie, street and grill.
Little fore and less behind.
This is no time to be blind.
Throats and shoulders, ankles and—
Honest, now, ain't Nature grand?*

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 26)

coat-sleeve firmly. "If you don't sit down and behave yourself, I'll never marry you at all, so there."

Dorothy wheeled suddenly and left the table. Bob, dumfounded sank back in his chair.

"There," whispered Margot, "I guess that will give your little country peach something to think about."

"But, you're not going to marry me, anyhow," said Bob.

"Of course not. But let Dorothy chew on it for awhile. It wouldn't be any miracle if you should marry me. I'm not so hard to look at, am I?"

"I don't get you at all," mumbled Bob. — "But I'm going to take Dorothy away from this place in a taxicab tonight."

Margot was about to protest when Henley and Dorothy rose and started to leave the place. Bob, who was by this time watching them, called his waiter, paid his check and rose also. He drifted out of the place after them. Margot followed close at his heels, pleading with him.

While the men were getting their hats, Margot and Dorothy chatted and then they all started for the street. Dorothy started for Henley's car, when Bob interposed his body between the young woman and her escort and said: "Dorothy you're going with Margot and me in a taxicab and you're going now." He took her by the arm.

Dorothy tried to drag away and Henley stepped up.

"This is an impertinence, sir," he said.

A cold glint came into Bob's eyes and, without a word, he struck and struck fairly and squarely on the point of Henley's jaw. Henley crumpled and rolled to the edge of the walk.

Margot lost no time. She glanced about quickly. She could see a policeman hurrying to the scene from the corner. Then she saw a large hulk of a man, with his back to her, leaning up against a pillar and talking to a taxicab driver.

"Pat," she called, "Come here, quick."

Pat did not lose any time. Pat Maloney never lost any time. He moved with amazing swiftness for one of his bulk and when he reached the party.

"What's the row, Margot?" he demanded.

"This young fellow was attacked. I saw the whole thing. Get him away from here."

Pat, the tenderloin detective, whom Dorothy recognized at once as one who had saved her from a deep embarrassment, beckoned to the taxi driver and yelled: "Come on, Charlie."

Charlie leaped for his machine, which was standing at the curb. Pat was hustling Bob into the cab when the corner policeman arrived. "Hold on a minute," he commanded.

"It's all right, Murphy," said Pat. "He's my prisoner."

Margot bundled Dorothy into the cab.

"Where to, Pat?" asked Charlie.

"Cintral Park, and make it snappy," said Pat.

(To be continued.)

Reflections of a Rounder

A GOOD many New Yorkers are going into the mining business. They are looking for quarts.

We would like to see Volstead run for congress from a tenderloin district.

I am glad the telephone service fails so often. It is the best alibi I ever had.

I have never seen a one-piece bathing suit that was as risqué as I hoped it would be.

I am not a profiteer. I have nothing to sell.

I always feel like taking a Turkish bath after I have been to Greenwich Village.

I believe in allowing the ladies to smoke if they want to. They will anyhow.

I don't believe I would be a good reformer. I have never been able to bring myself to the point where I could say a word against short skirts.

I see a good many men taking their own wives out to dinner. It must be most of the stenographers are on their vacations.

I see a Fifth avenue concern advertises "All Hats Reduced." They will get no trade from the movie stars. "Hats Enlarged" might catch those boys.

I don't know how many Englishmen are acting in this country and I don't give a dam.

I don't want to leave New York and go to heaven—not just yet.

I don't see why some musical comedies should be advertised under the head of "Amusements."



Margaret Irving in a gown of Chinchilla Satin girdled a la Moyen-Age in brocade.



Gail Kane in a coat of evora and mole with hat of velvet and paradise.



Mary Milburn in a bob davis frock of vari-colored rose indestructible voile.

Dame Fashion

Presents

A Clothes Drama

By the Leading Couturiers of the World

Matinees Every Day

CAST

THE STAR	Moyen-Age
THE VAMP	Mlle. Directoire
THE HEROINE	La Princesse
FOR-YOUTH-ONLY	Mlle. Pannier
THE FAVORITE.....	La Chemise
BELLE-NUIT	L'Espagnola

The Time—The Present

STAFF FOR DAME FASHION

MANAGER	New Ideas
STAGE DIRECTOR.....	Pair Scissors
ASST. STAGE DIRECTOR.....	Needle and Thread
GENERAL PRESS REPRESENTATIVE.....	Big Noise

Waist-lines are slipping. Some wear them high, a few au natural, but the majority are low and falling lower—to hip depth. Fashion calls this Moyen-Age.

Styles in Turkish Baths? Of course there are new lines and drapes in Turkish toweling. You'll discover them if you at-

tend "Ladies' Night" at the Eltinge. Incidentally Turkish toweling has been taken out of the bath-room and now appears in smocks and blouses, pretty well disguised by embroidery. Black taffeta frocks with petal skirts and net frou-frous and purple chiffon negligees are luxuries.

(Continued on next page)

Dame Fashion

(Continued from page 29)

Do women dress for men or other women? You'll find the answer at any house-party. If you doubt it the Bendel frocks in "Scrambled Wives" may solve the problem for you. No woman could resist the vampirish pink chiffon swirl in which Betty Barnicoat coquettes nor any man that copper tissue intine robe with a ribbon, a fur and a bit of lace upon it which is first aid to Juliette Day in cinching the latest lover.

Why have collars taken unto themselves a masculine gender this fall? That's simple enough to answer. Watch their hug-me-tight ways. With a frankness that is almost embarrassing they embrace the neck and then as if ashamed of their boldness build a fence behind which the mouth is entirely lost, the nose almost and only the eyes are really visible. No wonder hats have to flare back from the face; otherwise there might be situations hard to explain. Nor are these bad, bold collars always of fur, for those of the suit material take on the same aspirations.

There's nothing new in backs—they are still minus quantities in evening frocks. But the Spanish note is new in a frock which is just a deep crystal fringe, sparkling like a cut glass chandelier and spread-

ing like it at the sides, and topped with a drape of beaded chiffon held by the grace of Fate and a rhinestone strap.

Embroidery and beads are making all our clothes akin this fall, suits as well as dresses. If it's not embroidery, it's beads and very often it's both in happy affinity. Not content to scintillate in single motifs they trail a glittering path all over the costume against a velvet, duvetyn and satin background.

Vivienne Segal—"The Little Whopper"—took to Boston with her a lot of new clothes which the Boston girls have deigned to call "dreams". There's one called Sun-Ray in which little Segal can dance to her heart's content with nary a fear of a tear, for its of indestructible voile in blended flame shades even to the lace, thanks to the dye-pot's magic.

The call of the mannequin was too strong for Clara Kimball Young to resist so she pirouetted and pivoted in her new costumes at Joseph's fall opening. We suspect that Joseph will have to duplicate her new capuchin velvet wrap—the one with the beaded yoke and stole collar ending its career in four tiers of silver fringe—many times for example is mighty powerful as time has proved, especially when the stunning Clara sets it.

If We Believed the Stories

MARY PICKFORD made nineteen million dollars last year. She has just bought a \$1,000,000 limousine which has a diamond studded steering wheel and she takes a bath in a bathtub full of fresh radium every morning.

Wallace Reid has devoted one-tenth of his savings during the past year to the purchase of a \$9,000,000 villa in Italy. He will go there to rest six months between pictures.

Charlie Chaplin's new sea-going yacht cost, it is estimated, \$3,000,000. He has just retired the lady who made his famous custard pies on a yearly allowance of \$50,000.

Theda Bara never uses the same limousine twice. She must have a new one every day trimmed in a color that is in harmony with her mood. She gives her limousines away after using them once.

Ford Stirling has had his whiskers insured for \$1,000,000 which is only one-tenth of what they earn for him in one year.

At the Celebrated Artists studio meals are served on gold plate. All the knives and forks have diamond and ruby-studded handles and the actors are allowed to keep them after the meal is over. The meal given every actor, down to the supernumeraries costs the film company \$87 and is prepared by a chef who was imported from France.

Annette Kellermann always fills up her diving tank with Mary Garden perfume which is much more expensive than water. The tank is emptied and refilled after every dive.

After Pauline Frederick appears in a picture with a \$300,000 set of sables, she gives the set to some young woman in her company.

Letters from a Self-Made Gossip

I

DEAREST Doris:

We've just formed a League for the improvement of Matrimony in our set, and we want you to be sure to join. Of course, it's hard to improve matrimony—but you know what I mean. Anyway, our league is going to be terribly exclusive. The constitution says that every member must be a woman, and the by-laws provide that every woman has to be a lady. That's what makes it so exclusive.

The league is thoroughly organized, with a constitution, by-laws, mother-in-laws, and everything. We elect officers, and talk about them behind their backs, just as in any other regular organization.

Our first step in the improvement of matrimony was to put electrical appliances in the home of every member. We all have electric irons, electric stoves, and electric dish-washing machines. A few members are in favor of providing electric chairs for their husbands, but it's still under debate.

Our most important work is investigating the pasts of young men. We keep a card index of all the eligible ones, and whenever one of our members thinks of getting married, she can go right to the index and find out everything she usually doesn't discover until afterward. Once in a while, of course, we come across a young man who hasn't any past—but one must expect these disappointments occasionally.

You remember poor Gertrude, don't you? Well, she was just about to step off with a young chap, when she discovered that he had an awful past filed away. Not a dark past, though—rather a blonde, I believe.

According to our card index, she was a stenographer—and they say she was wonderful on the touch system. She worked it for a two-carat diamond, anyhow. Gertrude broke off her engagement as soon as she found out about it. That just goes to show that a girl who will take dictation will take diamonds. You can't trust them.

I guess I've told you enough about the league. I'm sure it would be quite helpful to you, Doris, if you are thinking of get-

ting married. But you don't have much luck in that direction, do you, dear?

Adieu, ADELE.

II

Dearest Doris:

Have you heard the dirt about the Joneses? They've separated, and our League for the Improvement of Matrimony is responsible for it. When Mrs. Jones joined, she of course insisted upon glancing over her husband's character card. (We keep a number of married men on file, because one never knows when they may become eligible.) Well, it seems that Jones was leading a double life. I don't see how he could on his salary, but some men are awfully good managers.

Mrs. Jones went right home and confronted him, and as a consequence, they separated. Jones is a traveling man, and it was quite a while before Mrs. Jones even missed him. Jones himself was quite broken up over it—didn't know what to do with his week-ends.

But, my dear, the Joneses never did get on any too well, especially after Mrs. Jones began to develop her voice. Mrs. Jones was never meant to be a singer; she had what I'd call a good household voice—useful for calling Jones, or the ice-man. But a vocal teacher told her there was money in her voice, which should be brought out, and there was, and he did.

Naturally, Mrs. Jones couldn't develop her voice without taking the neighbors into her confidence. At first, a rumor got out that Jones was beating his wife; then we found that it was merely vocal exercises. The teacher explained that he was trying to push the tone forward—or move it back—or something. Of course, my dear, my idea of a tone is that it's like a wheelbarrow, and can be pushed just so far.

Well, Doris, it's a long chord that has no tuning. Mrs. Jones really overdid the thing, and it's no wonder that Jones finally asked her if she was being taught to sing off the key, or whether that was just her own idea.

I really feel sorry for Mrs. Jones. I think anyone would be who ever heard her sing.

Adieu, ADELE.

The Month's Mirth

FARMER BROWN, while his crew of threshers were "washing up" one morning, noticed among them a Swede who was not engaged in the use of water, soap and towel.

"Well, Harris," said the farmer, "aren't you going to wash this morning?"

"Naw," returned the Swede; "it don't make me dirty to sleep."

"WHAT kind of meat have you this morning?" asked the haggard husband of the butcher.

"The best steak we ever had, sir," replied the butcher. 'Here you are, sir, as smooth as velvet and as tender as a woman's heart."

The husband looked up and said: "I'll take sausage."

PAT: Phwat was the last card Oi dealt ye, Mike?

MIKE: A sphade.

Oi knew it was. Oi saw ye spit on yer hands before ye picked it up.

HARRY POLLARD has long been known as a quiet dresser, but recently he announced he was going to step out this winter in the loudest sports coat to be found in all Southern California. He described his new coat as a "plaid with a roll of thunder."

"Is it that bad?" asked Producer Hal E. Roach.

"Is it bad?" repeated the little comedian. "Say, my tailor can't start cutting for two weeks; it will take him that long to subdue the raw material."

MYLES—Any duplicate things at your daughter's wedding?

STYLES: I think not. We have looked very carefully over the shoes thrown and found no two of them mates.

MR. HARDFAX—So your son left us to go into a bank in the city? How did he acquit himself?

MR. TIMERTOP—He didn't acquit himself. It took the best lawyer in the county to get him acquitted.

THE music-master said to a little girl of twelve: "Minnie, you've neglected your work shamefully, and you must remain with me an hour after school."

Minnie shrugged her little shoulders, and answered, "If your wife doesn't mind, I'm sure I don't."

A LAWYER died who for many years had shocked a large number of his friends by his liberal views on religion.

A friend of the deceased, who cut short a trip to hurry back to town for the purpose of attending the funeral, entered the church some minutes after the beginning of the service.

"What part of the service is this?" he inquired, in a whisper, of another legal friend.

"I've just come myself," said the other. "but I believe they have opened the case for the defence."

"WELL, if Watson isn't the most conceited, self-satisfied, self——"

"Yes, I've heard you say something of that kind before. What's started you off this time?"

"He has just sent a telegram of congratulation to his mother."

"Well?"

"Today's his birthday."

HUSBAND: Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Wife: That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.

"IS this tonic intoxicating?"

"A customer drank a bottle yesterday," replied the truthful druggist—"only one bottle, mind you—then jumped into his flivver, drove madly to the top of Red mountain and shouted 'Glory hallelujah!' so loudly he could be heard the length and breadth of Jones valley."

"I'll take two bottles."

It was a nice secluded spot—just for two. And the two were there.

"You may call me Maybelle, if you wish," she sighed.

"The name I adore, as I do the lady," he lied cheerfully, "but please may I call you Maggie?"

"The idea—why?"

"That's my wife's name, and I sometimes talk in my sleep."

Who's Who and What's What In Pictures

Mary: Geraldine Farrar's next picture will be "The Riddle: Woman," Montague Love will play opposite Geraldine.

Yes or No: Yes, it is true that Charles Richman left the stage and screen to become an insurance broker; but he has returned to the screen. He has an important role in Anita Stewart's new picture, "Harriett, and the Piper."

Binghamton: Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven are really married, and they are the same two who played together "years and years" ago in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Their latest picture is "Twin Beds."

Fannie R.: Glad to hear from you again. You never are a bother, how could you be? Yes, it has been announced that William S. Hart will leave pictures and return to the stage. I guess you are not the only one who will be sorry.

Dimples: Betty Compson is in California, Enid Bennett is in Culver City and Tom Moore is in California. If you write them care of the companies they are with, enclosing a quarter, they will send you one of their pictures.

Red Head: Where do you get your ideas? I think you stay awake at night trying to think what you can ask me. No, No, No! Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd are not married. And Julia Marlowe is still married to E. H. Sothorn. Why so interested in marriage?

Wiberton: Violet Heming played Pauline and Ralph Kellard was John in "The Cost." Sorry you didn't like it, we will see that you are better pleased in the future. Perhaps you are too particular.

Max: You don't like serials? Some of them are very good. Did you see the latest Vitagraph serial with William Duncan? Very, very good!

Kitty: Yes, Faire Binney is Constance's sister, I don't know whether they will appear on the screen together. I doubt it very much. You think they could take the part of twins, that is not necessary in these days of double exposure.

H. W.: Yes, Lew Cody and Louise Lovely are in "The Butterfly Man." Lew was married to Dorothy Dalton, I believe she did divorce him. She did play in "Black is White." You didn't understand the picture. We are sorry. I hope you are not one of those people who need to have pictures explained as they go along.

Gwen: Rubye DeRemer was born in Denver, Colo. She is living in New York now. She was in the Follies, you have been informed correctly.

Wayne: We are sorry but we cannot tell you how you can arrange to meet Miss Alma Ruebens. Don't you know any one who knows her? We agree with you she is wonderful in "Humoresque."

Alaska: So you admire Buck Jones. So do we. He fell off his horse lately and is now laid up with a broken arm. Here's hoping that he will soon be O. K.

Elsie: According to rumor, Alice Brady has left the stage and will devote all her time to the screen, acting in Realart pictures. We think the picture fans are lucky. Yes, her husband is James Crane.

James Henry: What kind of a dog do I think Norma Talmadge would like? Really I wouldn't try to tell you. Why not write and ask her? You can reach her at the First National Studio, New York City.

Wondering Gertie: Don't tell me that you don't know that Mary and Doug. were traveling in England. Rumor has it that they have bought a chain of theatres in England, France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, for the showing of their pictures.

Kathleen: Miriam Battista, the little girl in "Humoresque," also plays in the revival of "Floradora." I imagine she will remain in pictures. I will try and find out for you and let you know next time.

A. P.: You may address Norma Talmadge at 729 Seventh avenue, New York City, care of First National Exhibitors Circuit, and Pearl White, care of Fox Film Corp., Fifty-fifth street and Tenth avenue, New York City.

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